

**MARVEL**  
2nd Dec 89

# THE REAL

**Nº77 40p**

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# GH0STBUSTERS™



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# HQ



**W**roaaarggh! This week, **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comes to you with stories of truly mammoth proportions! Literally, as you can see from this week's cover! Yes, long-dead terrors are lurking everywhere, just waiting for that moment when they decide to unleash themselves in all shapes and sizes upon unsuspecting citizens. Yes, that means *you*! You can catch up with the latest demonic developments (including the *Coming of Gwom*) in this week's weird and wonderful **Winston's Diary**! It has been said that Slimer on a food binge can be equal to the very worst of devilish disturbances! This is precisely what happens in **Dirty Duke's Diner**! where you can see just how far Slimer will go to procure a share of the Triple Layer Chocky Devil's Food Cake! With this and more of the usual stories and features, you can have yourself a *real* midnight feast!

## CONTENTS

Dirty Duke's Diner!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	8
Ghostbusters' Fact File: <b>Dancing Zombies</b>	10
Hell on Wheels!	11
Winston's Diary!	14
Slimer's Dental Dilemma!	17
Blimey! It's Slimer! Slime Time!	19
Creepy Car Wash!	20
Dead True!	22
Next Issue/Mighty Marvel Checklist	23

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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE

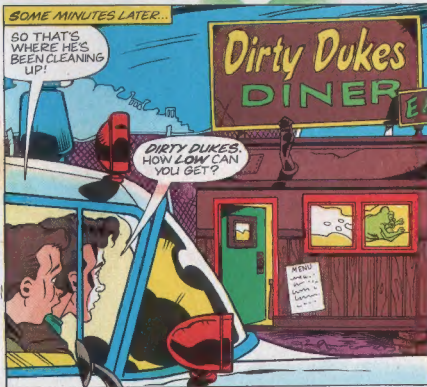
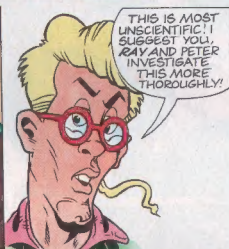


JANINE MELNITZ

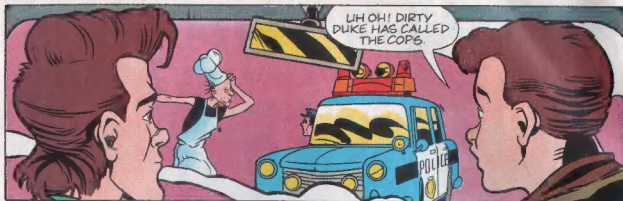


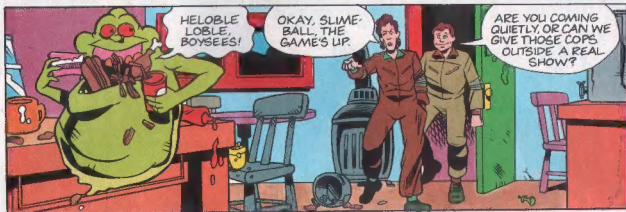
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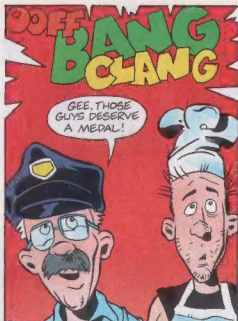
# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™















# SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE  
COLOURING-IN  
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

In this week's guide, I thought I really ought to cover the area of food and the effect it has on the Supercosmos. Short of a vague obsession with mushrooms, material of an edible nature is not really my forte, so, what better than to hand you over to a true connoisseur. Take it away, Slimer. Spenglies Spirity Guide! Pah! Thissy Slimer's Foodyfoody Yumyum Guide! Noshy is the most important thingymijig in a Class five free-roaming spookologee's life. I mean afterlife! Slimee noshies through foody every waky moment of the day. Why? Because grub equals slime, and the more I can cram scrummy stuff into meeeeee, the more slimywimy I can pour over Peteybuddy-buddy.



### PART 77

#### Some Favourite Recipes

Slimy have many favvy recipes, but he want to tell all you buddy-buddies all about the besties!

#### Garlic Bread

Awwwww, scrummy delish. Goody for scaring off vampires and nasty baddy spookies and tastes absolutely yummo. Smelly lovely too! Petey can't get rid of the smell of garlicy slimies for days and days.

Rating\*\*\*



#### Doughnuts.

Scweeeee! Mmmmm! Slurp! Foodyfoodyyumyum! Slimy lovey doughnut lots and lots! Janiney buys for lunch and if Slimy goody spookyspooky, Janine gives me two, and if Slimy baddyspooky spooky, he scoff the lot!

Rating\*\*\*\*\*



#### West Pier Pizza (with chopped apple and extra chili peppers)

MMMMmmmm. Scoff scoff, gurble gurble burp! Slimies uttery fav. Peteybuddy's favvy too, so me getty there first and scoffem lottem!

Rating\*\*\*\*\*



#### Contents of the HQ Fridge.

Besty bung all fridgy foody in big bowl, stirry up and swallow raw in one biggy gulp to save cooking time. Best eaten in middley nighty when Ghostiebusterers are snoozysleepy!

MMMMMMMMmm Scrummy! Rating\*\*\*\*\*





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airborne with the  
ECTO-2 Vehicle

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VENKMAN with  
P-P-F-Fright Features  
and Gruesome Twosome.

Change  
the little old lady  
into gruesome Granny Gross.

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EGON SPENGLER.

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dropping WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE and Scream  
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on the awesome  
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Help  
JANINE MELNITZ  
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The Real Ghostbusters are here!  
You can collect the whole set at your local  
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heroes to the most fiendish Haunted Humans.  
But hurry, they have a habit of disappearing!\*

**ASDA**

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# DANCING ZOMBIES

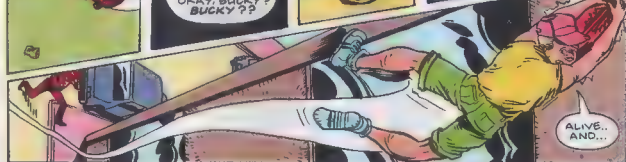
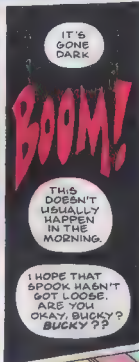
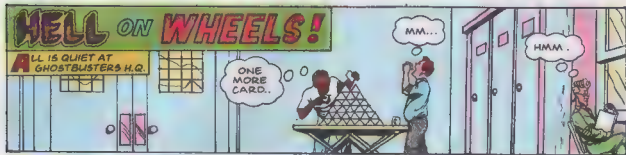


Ever wondered what would happen to you if you listened to too much haunted house music? Well, it turned these unfortunate souls into Zombies! They all previously worked for Staken Watermellon, the owner of the Black Magic recording studios. Watermellon had prayed to the Demon Skull of the Underworld to give him a hit record. Fifteen number one smash hits later, the magic of haunted house music has turned them into the living dead. The Zombies are drawn to a disco by the sub-sonic rhythms and there

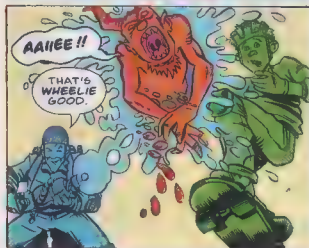
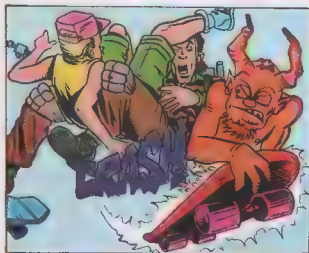
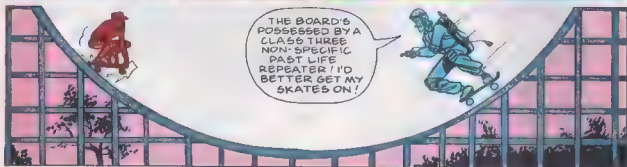
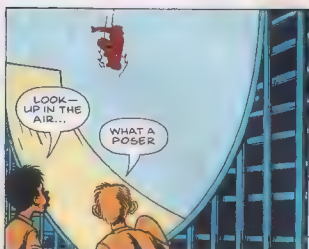
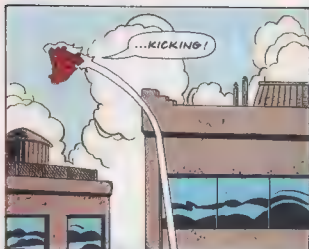
they dance the night away to their favourite style of music. They had not calculated on Peter's quick thinking though. Taking on the role of D.J. Dr. Venkman, Peter let's them all boogie away to the song 'Chiller', before turned the speed up to 78 r.p.m! This was obviously too much for the Zombies who swiftly danced themselves into the grave.

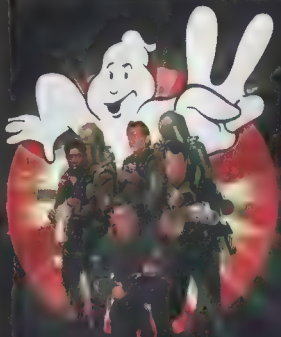


# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™









The Superstars  
of the Supernatural  
are back

DAN AYKROYD SCOTT RUDIN  
HAROLD RAMIS RICK MORANIS  
JOHN TERNAN

## GHOSTBUSTERS II

SEE IT DECEMBER 1

THE INCREDIBLE  
**HULK**™

PRESENTS

IT'S LEAN  
AND GREEN  
AND VERY,  
VERY MEAN!



EVERY WEEK FROM MARVEL COMICS!



Story JOHN FREEMAN © Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and DAVE HARWOOD



*Thursday, 23rd November 1989*

Back when I started all this ghostbusting, the job seemed easy. It meant long hours, but you knew (most of the time) just what to expect. Not this week. Apart from the average 'I'm going to eat the world for breakfast' threat from a Class nine Over-Demon in Delaware, most of the week was filled with all manner of quirky nonsense. It seemed to me that it was all building up to something. But I wasn't sure what . . .

First there were the phantom golfers out on Maine, disturbing everyone's concentration on the greens. As soon as I'd dealt wit them, I get a buzz from Janine on the ECTO-1 radio that a ghostly golf ball was breaking every jar of coffee in a nearby supermarket.

Off I dashed to the supermarket, captured the golfball, only to be laughed at by a grisly, spectral baglady who ran me over with her laden-down ancient shopping trolley and headed off towards the Lower East side at one hundred miles per hour. "Beware the Coming of Gwom!" she squealed, as I struggled to get off the pavement.

What could I do, but give chase? She disappeared, of course, but by that time I was getting reports from Ray of a giant Mammoth tearing up parts of Central Park, which I would not let any ghost get away with. It seemed to be digging for something. Well, the giant Mammoth was easily busted, but not before it had unearthed a giant stone that said "Beware the Coming of Gwom!" in ancient Sanskrit (something Egon can read underwater, by the way). Like I said, a definite message. A definite build-up of paranormal happenings . . .

Anyway, after I'd busted my fourth Class four spook of the week that also shouted "Beware the Coming of Gwom!", I checked some of Egon's books for any information on this Gwom character. It seems he – or it – was a sort of multi-dimensional entity which gave even

Tobin a run for his money. At the correct point in history, this Gwom is supposed to bring dimensions together and generally cause no end of chaos – rather like the inside of a school bus on a Friday night, if you see what I mean.

Gwom was supposed to rise from a certain lake in Switzerland at a certain time, in a certain manner. I took no chances: I decided to check it out.

Switzerland was cold, very formal (boring) and the lake was frozen. I waited beside it while the sky went a funny shade of green and purple, wished the others hadn't gone off on a bust in Aberystwyth in Wales, and readied my Proton Gun. It all looked to me as though the Coming of Gwom was very definitely upon us.

The ice creaked, shuddered and cracked and several cackling, floating creatures came bursting out from under it, heading straight forme. I blasted them fast – it was too cold to stand around, and I needed the exercise, but the creatures were too fast! They dodged the beams, nipped behind me and before I knew it I was lying flat on my face, my Proton Pack gone, and the sky getting greener and more horrid by the minute.

"So, you're a Ghostbuster," hissed a strange voice from the lake. I looked up: there was a grizened old man, a wooden staff in his hand, floating in the air. "Erm, yes," I replied.

"Come to see Gwom, have you?" asked the mysterious man.

"Something like that," I replied, looking around for my Proton Pack.

"You're a bit early," said the man, who started to carve some strange runes into the ice around him, which began to glow, ominously.

"Well, I didn't want to miss anything," I lied. I saw my Proton Pack, sticking out of the snow only yards from me. If I could just reach it . . . "That won't do you any good," said the old man, merrily, still

carving runes into the ice." It's time, you see – time for the Big One. The Coming of Gwom!"

"How exactly did you work that out?" I asked, just to pass the time.

"Oh, many ways. Strange projectiles flying through the air –"

"That must be the golfballs."

"Yes, exactly. Then there's the Slajerond in Aberystwyth. Another sign."

"No aligning of the planets, arrangements of stars – that sort of thing?" I asked, edging towards my Proton Pack.

"Oh yes!" nodded the old man, his runes complete, looking up with an excited smile. "That's the most carefully laid out part. No Super Novas in the wrong place, no silly Quasars, no artificial satellites. It's all in the contract."

"Which includes a Mammoth digging up Central Park," I asked.

"Well," answered the old man, "Strictly speaking, it should dig up 'The Capital of the World', but if this Central Park is in New York, that would fit for this century. Now we just need one final sign, and everything's in place!"

I looked around. The sky was completely green with some livid red streaks across it and, all around me, various ghosts and monsters were crawling out from under various stones and a terrible buzzing noise started to build up. Nearby, I was sure someone was scraping a knife backwards across a plate. What sign was this old man looking for? Weren't these enough? He stroked his long beard, scratched his nose and looked up a snow covered hill. "Any minute now," said the man. "Isn't this exciting?"

"Delightful," I muttered. My boot touched the Proton Pack. A speckled monster giggled and gooped my leg with slime.

"Naughty," it hissed. I was in serious trouble.

Suddenly, a great squeal went up from the gathering crowd, as a snowball

started to roll down the hill towards the lake, getting bigger and bigger as it came. The monsters in its path got out of the way quickly, and the old man gave a wail of dismay. "That idiot! You can't trust a lesser demon to do a grown demon's work!"

We both dived out of the way as the snowball, now huge, crashed into the lake! The water bubbled, seethed, and a small, dizzy-looking green sprite leapt out of the water. "Beware of the Coming of Gwom!" it shouted.

"You're Gwom?" I asked.

"Of course," snarled the demon. "Who'd you think I was, Santa Claus?"

"Have you brought the Key?" shouted the man. "The Key to unlock the dimensions? The Key to tear down the Walls of Order? The planets are in aspect! The signs have been written! The time is now!" He thrust his staff into the air and lightning exploded from its end, leaping away into the night. I grabbed my Proton Gun and levelled it at the puzzled demon. "I *knew* I'd forgotten something," said Gwom sheepishly.

"You're an idiot!" shouted the old man.

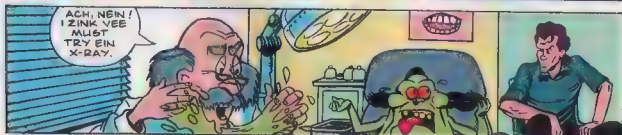
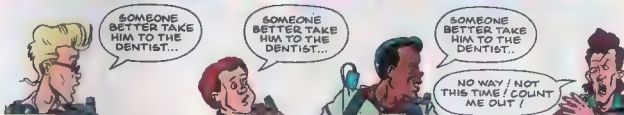
"You're **history!**" I said and blasted them both. The monsters and the other paranormals vanished instantly. The sky started to clear. Gwom gave a pathetic shrug and disappeared. The old man gazed at me defiantly and then winked.

"I never wanted to be a Bringer of Chaos anyway," he began, as I activated a Ghost Trap and he began to sink into it. "What I really wanted to be was ..."

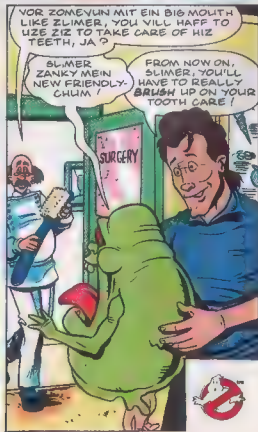
... but that's another story.



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™









# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2



Why couldn't Batman go fishing?  
*Because Robin ate all the worms!*

What's black and white and very dangerous?  
*A vicar on a skateboard!*  
– Mark Hadley, Llandegla

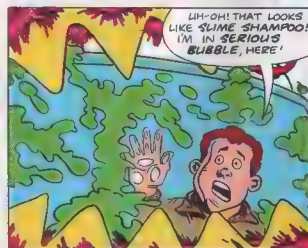
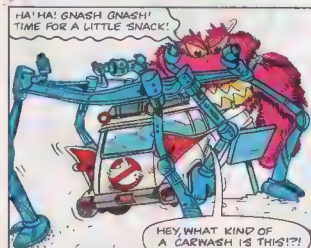
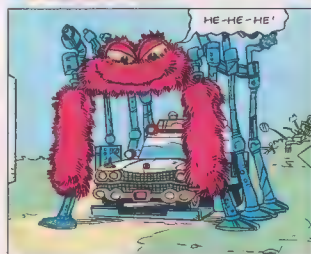
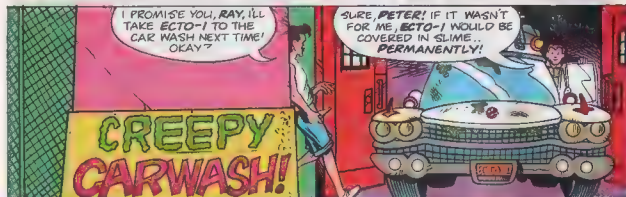
What goes tick tock woof?  
*A watchdog!*  
– Christopher Shaw, Essex

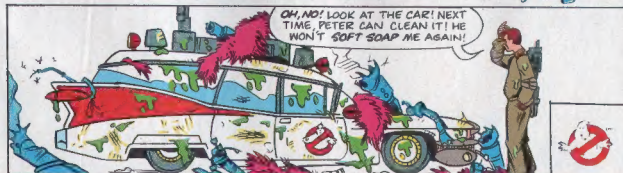
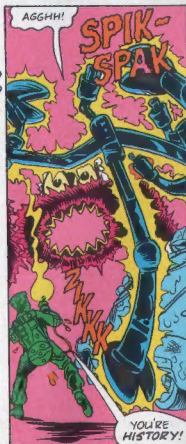
What does a snake get from its admirers?  
*Fang mail!*  
– Rebecca Green, Worksop

What do you call a ghostly doctor?  
*A surgical spirit!*

What is a ghost's favourite pudding?  
*Peaches and scream!*  
– Justin Hearne, Swindon

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™







# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!  
Dare you read on?



ne of the most hideous and prolonged ways of departing from this mortal world must be death by starvation. The suffering which must be endured can hardly be imagined! Picture this, however, combined with another horror known to mortal man ... *The Plague!*

Gulp! Yes, in the unfortunate year of 1665, the lonely village of Vernham Dean in Hampshire was stricken with the Plague, as were most other parts of the country.

Lack of scientific knowledge and poor living conditions caused the dreaded disease to spread with alarming speed amongst small and large communities alike.

The only known way of containing the disease was to isolate any victims and keep them in a distant location where they could be kept in quarantine, as it were.

Naturally, the victims concerned agreed to such a scheme and they removed themselves to a hill which was the ancient site of Fosbury Camp. They agreed to this on one justifiable condition – that the village rector would supply them with food and drink.

This seemed like a good working relationship until the rector began to fear that he might catch the dreaded disease if he were to maintain a form of contact with the sufferers!

Once all good Christian spirit had gone out of the

proverbial window, the stricken villagers were doomed to a doubly horrifying death! *Aaaaargghh!* Could anything be worse?

You may be thinking that it was the troubled spirits of the starved and plagued victims which returned from a condemned grave to haunt the ancient hill.

This was not the case, however. It was the ghost of the rector which now roams the fated hill ... stricken with grief for his failings and doomed to an after-life of eternal penitence!





Look out! It's the ...



# MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST



Titles on sale now

■ **THE BOG PAPER 5** Lurking below the cover are the likes of **The Gents**, **Superloo**, **Winnie The Witch Doctor**, **King John**, **Flush Gordon**, and **Royston Roylette** (who always buys a toilet) – just a phew engaging characters to spend your next penny with! Keep on running to your local newsagent and reserve your copy now!

■ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 77** In this week's mammoth issue, the stage seems to be set for the **Coming of Gwom!** Just what is Gwom and what is it doing in this strange hotel? Maybe it's just trying to find a decent restaurant in true Slimer style. Which, by the way, is precisely what happens in **Dirty Duke's diner!**, by Fabian, Williams, Harwood.

■ **THE INCREDIBLE HULK PRESENTS 9** Bruce Banner is back to his old self, but his problems are just beginning as he's taken prisoner at Hulkbuster base. **Action Force** are nearing the most dangerous part of their mission – Cobra Island, and **The Doctor** and **Indiana Jones** are both in deep trouble.

■ **THE PUNISHER 18** Our shadowy vigilante crosses the path of a youth-gang of psychopaths intent on freeing the less-than-lovable leader of their cult. Meanwhile, over in Vietnam, the dreadful war continues and the casualties keep mounting.

■ **TRANSFORMERS 246** Every race of sentient beings has their demons, and the Transformers are no exception! In this chilling tale by Furman and Anderson, the Pretender Classics meet up with ... you'll just have to read the story! Plus, part one of **All New Familiar Faces** by Furman, Delbo and Hunt, and **The Jungle**, a brand new Action Force story – miss it at your peril!

# SPOOKY WOOKY

ONE OF THE...

## FIENDISH Feet



THEY CAME  
FROM  
ANOTHER  
FRIDGE

### HORRIBLY DELICIOUS YOGURTS AND DESSERTS

Sivel



FANGS  
A LOT



RATTLE  
N' ROLL



SPOOKY  
WOOKY



FRANK  
N' STEIN



HORRIBLE  
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